HOW TO BECOME PRESIDENT

By GRACIE ALLEN

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Prepared by the
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and illustrated by
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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE
NEW YORK

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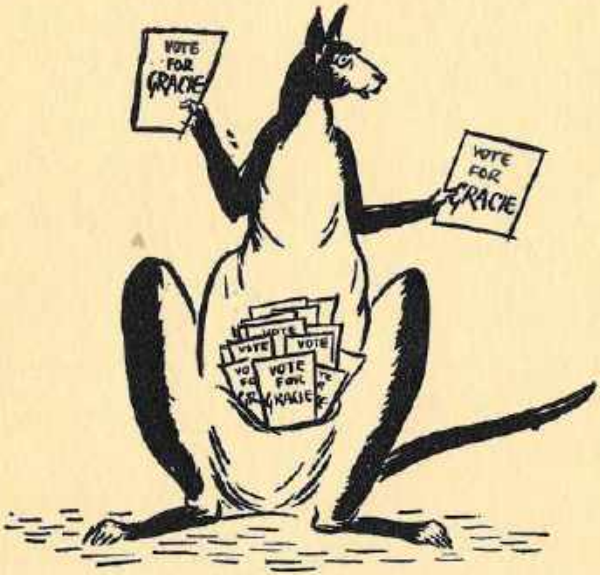
CONTENTS

Letter from Dean 9

1. GOVERNMENT JOBS PAY BIG MONEY 13
2. OTHERS MAKE GOOD, WHY NOT YOU? 18
3. WHY A WOMAN PRESIDENT? WELL, WHY? 25
4. HOW TO ATTRACT ATTENTION AND BE DRAFTED 31
5. ISSUES AND HOW TO PICK THEM 37
6. HOW NOT TO OFFEND ANYBODY 45
7. BUYING A GOOD USED PLATFORM 51
8. SECRETS OF UNSUCCESSFUL SPEECHMAKING 59
9. HOW TO SHAKE HANDS AND MAKE IT STICK 66
10. FIVE GOOD GAMES TO PLAY AT A CONVENTION 72
11. WHERE TO SPEND ELECTION NIGHT 80
12. TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILED 88

Letter from Ex-Dean 95

HOW TO BECOME PRESIDENT



—It's in the bag for Gracie.

Gracie Allen
Self-Delusion Institute

My Friends:

I have GREAT NEWS for you. Well—news.

No longer need you grope blindly for the secrets of success. In this amazing new book GRACIE ALLEN tells all. Now you can grope with your eyes open.

At last, YOU TOO can learn HOW TO BECOME PRESIDENT. Clean, well-paid, dignified work. Permanent position for right man. No layoffs, jobs for all your relations. James R. of Hollywood, Cal., says: "I cannot thank you enough for what you did for Father. It has meant everything to me."

In these pages Gracie Allen talks to you as cozily as though she were driving you nuts in

person. Are you a DOPE at a CAUCUS? Do they laugh when you try to get your PICTURE in the PAPER? Do friends recoil from you as as though you were a REPUBLICAN?

Then, read this book by Gracie Allen, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND—if he's cute enough. Of Miss Allen it has been said, "Not first in war, not first in peace, but first in the HAIR of her COUNTRYMEN."

Think of it! Right in your own home, with only a few minutes a day, you can learn for yourself the hitherto hidden arts of the Plausible Runaround, the Affirmative No, and the INGRATIATING BRUSHOFF. Where would a candidate be without this priceless information? ELECTED!

So don't delay. Tomorrow this book may be out of print. Start now to put yourself in a POSITION of INDEPENDENCE, or better still, on relief. Who knows, some day you, too,

may be the one to park next a fireplug without getting a ticket.

Yours for Sociable Security and a Loving Wage,

CHARLES PALMER, DEAN
GRACIE ALLEN SELF-DELUSION INSTITUTE

CHAPTER I

GOVERNMENT JOBS PAY BIG MONEY

STOOGENTS!

Draw up a polling booth.

Or better still, sit in my lap. There, isn't that nicer? If anybody objects we'll tell them it's just Progressive Education. And now, unless you think of a better idea, I will tell you how to become President long after Mr. Roosevelt is forgotten. Not before.

Who am I to talk? That's a fair question,

and one which deserves a better answer than I can give you. But after all, you know, Frank Kent says, "The Democratic Party has no suitable candidate." Walter Lippmann says, "The Republican Party has no suitable candidate." Dewey, McNutt, Taft, Garner, Vandenberg, Farley and Norman Thomas all say, "Nuts," which of course nominates me by acclamation.

But if you really parted with good money for this book, and not just the kind my brother makes out in our garage, they might just as well have meant you. And if Mr. Roosevelt's option isn't picked up your chances are just as good as anybody's, because as I always say, a great many people over 21 are old enough to vote.

Come to think of it, who are you? Whoever you are, I sympathize with you. I sympathize with everybody; that's what I get for being a candidate myself. Let them call us nonentities. Who cares? A nonentity can be just as famous as anybody else if enough people know about him.

A nonentity can be just as famous as anybody if enough people know about him.

But let's leave personalities out of this and just talk about me. Look at the record. Hear my side. Then turn it over and play Ray Noble's special arrangement of my campaign song, "Vote for Gracie."

One of the greatest problems today is about the people who would rather be right than be President. I have a solution for that. You can be Left *and* President: that way you can eat your cake and halve it too. Or you can stay in the middle of the road and get run over.

Either way, I'm proud to be an American. They can have their European Royalties. I'll just keep my U. S. and Canadian first serial rights—unless George gets the check first, that being the one kind of a check George would reach for.

As we walk hand in hand through the pathways of knowledge, remember that I am giving you freely and without stint the full accumulation of my two months' experience as a candidate. I have on file a complete record of everything I've said and done. Ever since I

threw my hat in the ring I have had myself shadowed, and the results were very entertaining. The things that go on in those back rooms, you wouldn't believe!

So now we begin our journey together. If you follow these instructions carefully, you will find that every step of your progress, like the path that climbs up and up from the sheltered valley, offers you an ever-wider and more fascinating vista, until at last you come out upon the summit of the wrong hill.

CHAPTER 2

OTHERS MAKE GOOD, WHY NOT YOU?

PRESIDENTS are made, not born. That's a good thing to remember. It's silly to think that Presidents are born, because very few people are 35 years old at birth, and those who are won't admit it. So if you're only 16 don't be discouraged, because it's only a phase and there's nothing wrong with you that you won't outgrow.

Of course, times are different now, especially

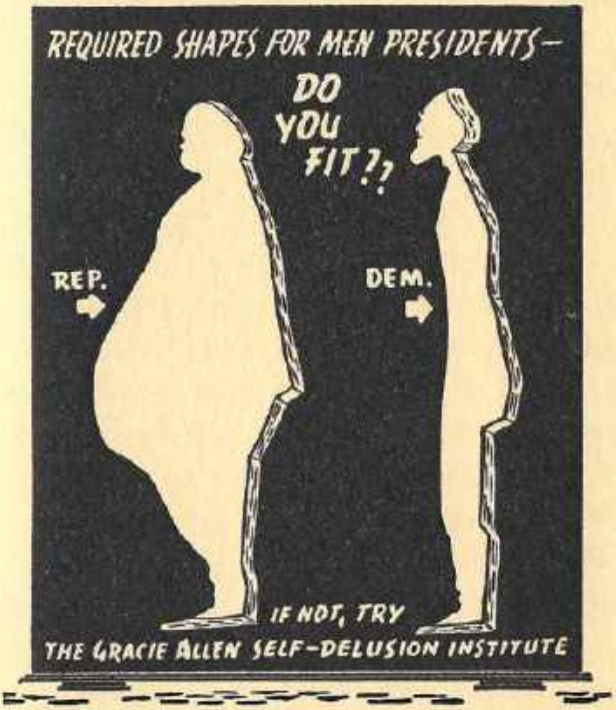
with Daylight Saving. Lincoln had certain advantages we don't have today. For instance, he could go out and split a bunch of rails, but the railroads are using iron ones more and more. Now the only things left to split are bananas and infinitives. If you split too many bananas you get in a rut and end up behind a soda fountain, and if you split infinitives the voters will think you can't afford a ghost writer. Then too, Lincoln could work out his problems by writing on a shovel, but if you try that now the WPA foreman will fire you for playing during shirking hours.

Of course, it goes without saying that every candidate must be progressive, fearless, vigorous and liberal; invincible in victory and invisible in defeat, awake to the needs of the people whether they know what they need or not. You should also come from a good family, because while breeding isn't everything, it is said to be lots of fun. George Burns—that's *Mister* Allen—was saying the other day that to be President of the United States you also

have to have brains, integrity, ability and intelligence, but I think he was just trying to talk me into it. He only wants me to be President so he can write a column and call it "My Daze."

There's another thing you should think about, and that is, who are you going to be another of; and if you think that's confused, you must come up sometime and listen to me helping Sandra with her algebra. What I mean is, it wouldn't be so good to call yourself "another Cleveland," because then the folks who live in Pittsburgh wouldn't vote for you. But you could be another Jackson or something, because what has been done can be done again, and Jackson is in the public domain. Personally, I'm going to be another Peggy Hopkins Joyce, so in case I lose the election I'll have something besides a bustle to fall back on.

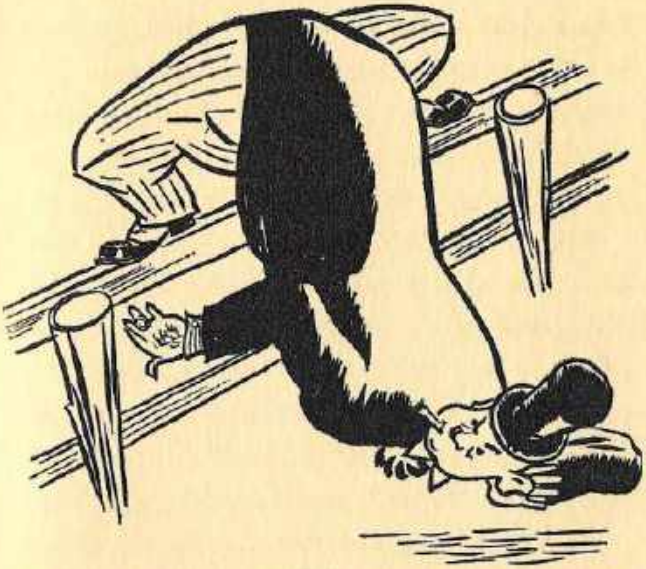
It helps to have a record as a public servant. Now, I've never been a public servant myself, but I was a public stenographer; and furthermore I'm used to serving on government mis-


REQUIRED SHAPES FOR MEN PRESIDENTS—
DO YOU FIT??
REP.
DEM.
IF NOT, TRY
THE GRACIE ALLEN SELF-DELUSION INSTITUTE

sions, because every Friday my daddy sends me downtown to cash his relief check. All the other candidates are making speeches about how much they have done for their country, which is ridiculous. I haven't done anything yet, and I think it's just common sense to send me to Washington and make me do my share.

Here are some little things every Candid Candidate should remember: Be original, distinctive—build a better mousetrap than your neighbor and Kraft Cheese will beat a path to your door. Be a good mixer, for putting shaved ice in the Martinis has proved the death of many a Party. Don't sit around the house with your teeth in your mouth—go down to the corner and meet the boys. Meet the girls. Meet the girls' husbands, but don't give your right name. And keep up your morning exercises, because every politician must be able to keep both feet on the fence with his ear to the ground.

But over and above everything else, never forget that the candidate of today must have



Every politician must be able to keep both feet on the fence with his ear to the ground.

Glamour. The Plain Man went out when newsreels came in. What chance has a man like Robert Taft? In the first place, he isn't pretty, and in the second, he thinks everybody ought to go back to work. That's silly. What would we do with all those big relief appropriations if everybody went back to work?

Brains, integrity, and force may be all very well, but what you need today is Charm. Go ahead and work on your old economic programs if you want to, I'll develop my radio personality. Voters of yesterday used to ask, "What are your policies?" Now all they want to know is, "How is your Crossley rating?"

So let's all put our shoulders to the wheel and push the Ship of State farther into the mud. One for all, if you'll let me know a little ahead of time, and all for me. Forward for Humanity and Gracie, the President You Love to Touch.

CHAPTER 3

WHY A WOMAN PRESIDENT? WELL, WHY?

IF a woman isn't qualified to be President, why is it you never see anything but pants on scarecrows?

Personally, I think that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of a certain little party. After all, Mr. Roosevelt has been President for eight years, and I'm sure he wouldn't mind getting up and giving his seat to a lady. That old saying about not changing

horses in the middle of a stream is ridiculous, when you remember that people have been changing babies in the middle of the afternoon for years and everybody takes it for granted.

Now, I don't pretend to know all the answers. I'm just a plain, ordinary, everyday genius who loves her fellow-man whenever possible. But let me tell you that women are getting very tired of running a poor second to the Forgotten Man, and with all the practice we've had around the house the time is ripe for a woman to sweep the country. I'll make a prediction with my eyes open: that a woman *can* and *will* be elected if she is qualified and gets enough votes.

The Constitution doesn't say anything about "he" or "him"; it refers only to "the person to be voted for." And if women aren't persons, what goes on here? It also says you must be a natural-born citizen of the United States. Well, I'm no incubator baby, and my mother never even set foot in Maine or Ver-

mont until I was ten years old, and that takes care of that.

I notice that many a man who laughs at women's clothes has been glad enough to borrow a corset string to lace his white shoes. When Romeo drank the poison, who got the nickel back on the bottle? When Paris gave Helen of Troy that wooden horse, who put two dollars on its nose? Who taught men all they know? Women schoolteachers, that's who!

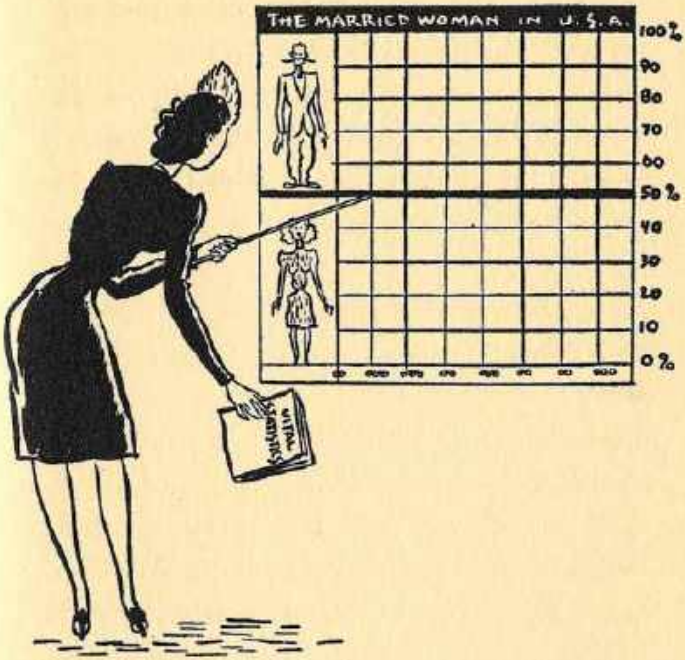
Of course a woman might make a few necessary changes in the national government, such as moving the Capitol furniture around, but nothing radical. Nothing like throwing out the Supreme Court bench or using the Speaker's gavel to crack nuts with.

As a matter of fact, the woman's touch might have its points. I'll certainly print a few decent recipes in the *Congressional Record,* so when those foreign diplomats come around the State Department and ask what's cookin' I can give them a sensible answer. If the Senators

hold up the business of the country with one of their filibusters I'll simply walk in and say, "Break it up, boys. I'm having a few of the girls in for bridge." And when I think of the awkward way our men Presidents act when a French Ambassador kisses them on both cheeks—I don't have to tell you any more, do I, brother?

I admit that the election of the first woman would let the country in for a flood of corny jokes. Men would go around nudging each other and saying things like "I see our Lady President has passed a law we have to put skirts on ash cans and lace panties on park benches." But that would soon pass. Why, that stuff isn't even funny enough for Fred Allen!

In conclusion, let me remind you that half the married people in this country are women. The same is true of men, which is about the only thing you can say is true about most men. Queen Victoria, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine the Great. Look at what they did to keep



Statistics show that half the married people in this country are women.

their nations out of the Red! What were the men doing all this time? And where? It's only a step from resident to President.

Mark my words: some day the history books will say, "Gracie Allen. Not first in war, not first in peace, but first in the hair of her countrymen."

CHAPTER 4

HOW TO ATTRACT ATTENTION AND BE DRAFTED

YOU remember me. I'm Gracie Allen. I'm the candidate who forgot to take off her hat before she threw it in the ring.

Furthermore, I'm the only candidate who got the idea of running myself. All the others had to have somebody else think it up for them, or anyway they say the only reason they're running is because their many friends kept after them and after them until they finally gave in.

Personally, I think they just wanted to be coaxed.

But no matter what people say about them, or what they say about each other, candidates are human beings, and we need them.

If you didn't have any candidates you wouldn't have public officials. And if you didn't have public officials you wouldn't have any cornerstone layings. And if you didn't have any cornerstone layings, you wouldn't have any buildings. And if you didn't have any buildings, what would you park in front of?

So try to understand them. Try to understand me. Nothing is impossible.

Columbus made an egg stand on end. People thought it was a yolk when he sat down to play with it. But where would we be today if Columbus had failed? He wouldn't have gotten a sponsor and gone on tour, thereby discovering America.

And all the people that make American flags for George M. Cohan would be out of work. So would George M. Cohan.

Gracie is the only candidate who forgot to take her hat off before she threw it in the ring.

Are there any other questions? Are there any answers at all?

All right then, let us proceed.

Some people just naturally attract no more attention than the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse. Others start as a mere Alderman's toothpick and end up as Presidential timber. It's all in your approach, so spend a little more time on your wood shots.

Many candidates begin life as reformers. First they promote a little reform, then a medium reform, and then a great big reform. What they really need is chloroform, though this condition can be relieved by taking a couple of aspirants in a half-glass of water.

Others bust up rackets, and without mentioning any names, I wish they'd come out of the clouds and do something practical about my neighbors' radio. Still others first attract public notice because they forget that only tweed suits should be worn with dandruff.

Being very shy by nature, I was all at sevens and elevens as to just how I should announce

my own candidacy. I finally decided on a campaign song, and if you're sure you feel all right, I'll sing it for you. It was written for me by Charlie Henderson. And then he wrote "How to Sing for Money," which I still think should have been called "How to Vote for Money," on account of because so many more people are interested in that right now.

I'll sing the first chorus myself so you can get the tune.

Vote for Gracie,
Vote for Gracie,
She's the best little skipper in the land.
Vote for Gracie,
Vote for Gracie,
Won't you please give this little girl a hand?
Even big politicians don't know what to do,
Gracie doesn't know either, but neither do you,
So vote for Gracie,
I don't mean Saks or Macy,
And for a thrill that's new
I'll tell you what to do,
VOTE FOR GRACIE, *and she'll shake hands with you.*

Come on, now. Everybody! Stand up and sing the second chorus.

*Vote for Gracie,**
Vote for Gracie,
If the country's going Gracie,† so can you.
Vote for Gracie,
Vote for Gracie,
Uncle Sam, let me paddle your canoe.
I'm just like Joan of Arc—I hear Destiny call.
It's a call to the ball park to throw out the ball,
So vote for Gracie
To win the Presidential racie
A hundred million strong.
That's right, you can't go wrong.
VOTE FOR GRACIE, KEEP VOTING ALL—DAY—LONG!

Mr. Henderson can be rented for private parties. Let him write your campaign song, too. Just give him the melody and lyric, and he does all the rest. Two flights up, two dollars down, and tell him Gracie sent you.

* The song "VOTE FOR GRACIE" is used by permission of the copyright owner, Charles Henderson. This is not a gag.

† Pun. Going Gracie . . . going crazy. This *is* a gag. My sister Bessie made it up.

CHAPTER 5

ISSUES AND HOW TO PICK THEM

EDITOR'S NOTE. We here reproduce the expurgated version of Miss Allen's famous keyhole speech, in which she laid down the gauntlet to the major parties and defied them to pick it up without stooping. The complete version, including the juicy parts and printed on the best issue-paper, appears in the *Congressional Record-Express,* on sale by your local Congressman.

The speech follows.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and no corny cracks:

The splendid introduction of your Toastmaster, which was too glowing, I fear, for poor little me, reminds me of a story which I wish I could remember. But I couldn't tell it in the dialect anyway, so I will just say that as I look out upon this sea of shiny faces I am uplifted, and also pinched in at the waist.

This is the greatest night of my life. How glorious it is to be here among my friends, for you are my friends, at least until election, in this fair city of ——, the garden spot of the great ——. (APPLAUSE.) I can say in all truthfulness that when at last I tire of the mad whirl of modern life and want to find a place to die in, this is it.

I stand before you tonight a simple, plain woman—(GROANS.) which is not my fault, but the Westmores can't take me till tomorrow. And anyway, is this an election or a popularity contest? I've often wondered.

You are probably just as anxious as I am to find out what I stand for, but it isn't so easy.

As I look out upon this sea of shiny faces, I am uplifted. Also pinched in at the waist.

If I knew what the Republicans and Democrats are going to promise, everything they offer could go for me too. But a certain well-known bookie, whose name must remain confidential until I find it out, has written me that the other parties are holding off just so they can pattern their keyhole speeches after mine.

So I am awake to the danger of holding my convention first. I fully realize that every promise I make, the Republicans will double and the Democrats will redouble. They think this will make me vulnerable, but they don't know I have some tricks up my sleeve, along with a box of raisins to munch on while I'm waiting for the returns to come in.

A keyhole speech is very simple, especially mine. First it states the issues. An issue is just a difference of opinion, which is why we put erasers on horse races. And as I always say, as long as we have issues, we can't have everything. Second, the speech goes on to attack the present administration and show how it has ruined the country. Then it goes on to at-

tack the other candidates and show how they'll keep it ruined, and generally builds up a warm and friendly atmosphere.

Unfortunately, I don't know exactly how the present administration has ruined the country or how the other candidates are going to keep it ruined—I hardly know how I'm going to handle it myself.

But we all realize that what this country needs is plenty (GIGGLES) and even though it's impossible I'll be glad to do it. Today we are facing many crises that are creasing our faces with worry. Today millions of people are living who will never do it again. Millions are being born for the first time—and millions are doing nothing because it's the best offer they've had this week. (LAUGHTER. *Miss Allen knocked over the water pitcher.*)

It is for these people and many others that the Surprise Party is conceived and desecrated, founded upon the principle that everybody is just as good as anybody else, even though they aren't quite so smart. My platform is a definite

answer to the Republicans and Democrats, as well as the New Dealers, before they say anything—and if they say it anyway, that will be time enough to think of a better answer.

My opponents (BOOS) ask for a sound government. What do they think they've got now, or don't they listen to their radios? They ask me what I am doing about the two-dollar dollar, what am I doing about providing old age for people with pensions, and what am I doing next Friday night. They must think they're Clifton Fadiman! (DEEP SILENCE. *Drop the gag from the next speech.*)

But I accept the challenge. I say without fear of contradiction that I not only stand four-square for free speech, but my brother is busy right now inventing a telephone that works with soap slugs. I stand for the conservation of wild life: when I am elected night clubs will close at ten o'clock. I stand for a cleaner administration: no Senator who can't hit his spittoon on his first try truly represents the aims of my party, even if he does claim that he tried

to bank his shot off the cracker barrel. I stand for a lot of other things, too, but what working girl doesn't. (OVATION. *Jack Benny just came in.*)

This used to be a government of checks and balances. Now it's all checks and no balances. But I have a cure for that. I'll sign all checks with invisible ink, or better still, sign them "A Friend," so nobody will be embarrassed. And if the deficit still seems too high, I'll sing it again, starting a half-tone lower.

Do you know of anyone better qualified than me for this high office? If so, don't delay. Write or print his name clearly on your cuff and send it, together with the tops of two ballot boxes, to the nearest laundry. I may make mistakes, for I am only human (PAUSE, *while ten delegates scribbled notes and handed them to the ushers*) but whenever one of my policies fails I will be the first to admit it, though perhaps not by much.

So wake up, America! Your country needs me and I can be had. Let's all pull together

and make these United States the grandest place in this whole country. I see a vision. A glorious vision. A united people, marching forward shoulder to shoulder, giving their all for the common good, working while I whistle. (WHISTLES.)

And in conclusion, let me say only that if I have overlooked anything that will make this country of ours a better place to live in—I thank you.

CHAPTER 6

HOW NOT TO OFFEND ANYBODY

As a well-known great man would have said if he had thought of it, "Don't go around offending people just because it can be done sitting down."

People like to be remembered. This is especially true on birthdays and anniversaries, so if you're running for office you should try to remember faces, even if you don't want to call them names.

I used to have a terrible memory. It bothered

me for quite a while, and then I met a famous man on a train. He wrote books telling people how to make other people like them. I told him how I was always forgetting to remember faces and figures, not having been brought up to know anything about pots and pans, and he gave me a long lesson.

Two years later I met him again and he came up to me smiling.

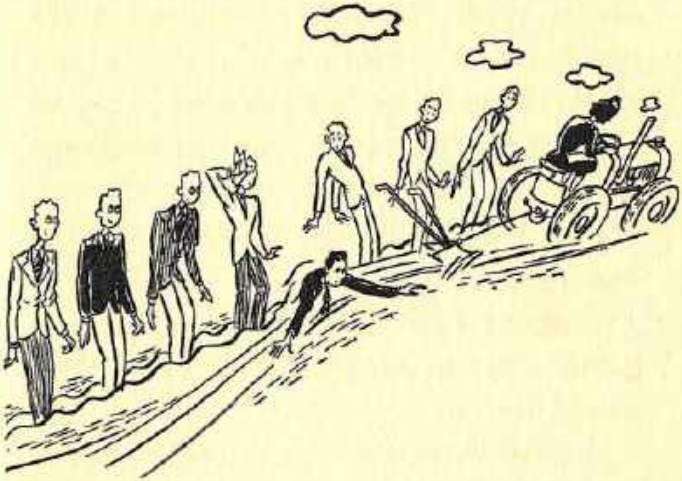
"Remember me, Miss Livingston?" he said.

"I'll never forget you, Dr. Stanley," I assured him.

You can do the same. And if that doesn't work, let me testify from my personal knowledge that many a droopy candidate has been brought back to perfect health by simply taking a few bottles of Dr. Farley's Green Ink for Pale Presidents.

So cultivate friendships. If you don't have time to cultivate all of them, plow under every fifth one and collect your bonus.

Little thoughtless remarks can easily do lasting damage. Like the time my brother handed



If you don't have time to cultivate all your friendships, plow under every fifth one.

a man a crisp new five-dollar bill and the man said, "It looks like you made it yourself." My brother let him keep it for his honesty, but he hasn't been the same since.

God is said to love the poor people because he made so many of them, and we politicians should love them for much the same reason. Where do you find twelve votes per family, in Larchmont or the Bronx? You can have your Rockefellers. I'll take Frank Parker.

But even rich people have feelings which should be respected. For instance, I know what caused the Depression. It was caused by brokers who washed their sales and found too late that they couldn't do a thing with them. But do I go around saying so? No. Even brokers vote, especially if it doesn't rain on Election Day and the Yanks are playing out of town.

When you learn to make everybody happy, you will possess the golden secret of how to milk the contented voters. But do it in such a way that they won't think you want them to vote for you just because you need the money.

They need the money, and besides, they can think up other reasons if they try.

Look at all the people Mrs. Roosevelt makes happy. People may criticize her now for doing so many outside things, but that will all be forgotten, just like the way the same people who used to talk about Martha Washington now take her candy shops for granted. Now that I think of it, have you ever considered what a great President Mrs. Roosevelt would make? It's not just her charm and personality. She has intellect, tact, humor, and a keen sense of her responsibilities to—but wait a minute! Who am I campaigning for, Mrs. Roosevelt or me?

However, as a certain great radio comedian always says just before he goes on the air, "You can't please everybody, so what does the sponsor go for?" The masses demand a fighting President, and that means you've got to offend somebody, because the way I see it, a strong offense is the best attack.

So who can you offend?

That's an easy one. Offend the other candidates, because they'll be too busy talking to hear you, and besides, they might not vote for you anyway.

There are many things you can say. I would suggest starting with such names as "Tool of Wall St.," "Old Wheel Horse," and "Party Hack." If your opponent is young, call him a student of politics, because everybody knows the way things are what we need is a graduate. If he looks too honest, call him a visionary or a reformer: and if he's smarter than you, you can work wonders with such things as "crafty" and "clever." Say he rented his children from the pound, and that if elected he'll close all the banks just because his brother-in-law is overdrawn $3.85. Just do others as you would hate to have them do you, and it's in the bag.

So this gives you an idea, and I will close with one final tip: In writing letters, don't start out, "Dear Sir or Madam." Be definite. People like to be one or the other. That's why they put up those signs in restaurants and places.

CHAPTER 7

BUYING A GOOD USED PLATFORM

A PLATFORM is something a candidate stands for and the voters fall for.

Too many candidates neglect their platforms, and what happens? Why, just about the time Kate Smith stands up to sing, the whole thing collapses.

But on the other hand, you don't want to spend too much time on it. I'm having my platform run up by a movie set designer, so it will be very impressive from the front, but not

too permanent. After all, there's no sense putting a lot of time and thought into something you'll have no use for after you're elected.

And now without further ado I will give you a confidential peek at the Surprise Party platform, a document of such insignificance that future historians may well call it the Magna Carta of the Misdeal. The ideas came to me in a dream.

BE IT DISSOLVED:

That we, the undersigned, being duly registered members of the Surprise Party and relatives of Gracie Allen, do hereby, hereunto and here and there being of sound mind, severally and collectively swear to serve our country on the best terms possible, and solemnly subscribe to the following principles, to wit:

CONGRESS MUST GO:

The Senate is the only show in the world where the cash customers have to sit in the balcony. This is entrenched privilege, but if it can't be changed, let's at least have a better

floor show and get a few more Senators who look like Jimmy Stewart.

Congressmen are well paid. Why should they be allowed to make those playing cards on the side? We favor putting Congress on a commission basis. Pay them for results. If they do a good job and the country prospers, they get 10% of the extra take.

END SECRECY IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS, DEMANDS GRACIE:

If Charles Boyer is going around with Greta Garbo, the people are entitled to know about it. But I'm not really worried about this. Our Foreign Relations will be all right so long as they bring their own bedding and don't stay too long.

This country needs room to grow and expand. In all my own newspapers I read frightful tales of the shameful atrocities being perpetrated on our Democratic minorities in Maine and Vermont. My patience is almost at an end, and if provoked much further I will

place both countries under American protection, even if I have to send in my tourists to start trouble so I'll have to send in a force to restore order.

THINK UP THINGS TO REORGANIZE:

I propose to extend the Civil Service to all branches of the government, because I think a little politeness goes a long ways, don't you? For instance, Army officers will have to leave off those medals at dances. Hundreds of women now can't wear their new formals without getting "For Valor" printed all over their collarbones.

The G-Men will be given useful work. The kidnapers are perfectly well able to take care of themselves. and we women want to know where our husbands go after the poolrooms are closed. And I'll also see that the G-Men get an extra supply of policemen's hats for lost children to be photographed in.

I furthermore demand free calendars for Cabinet Members. They have as much right

as anybody else to know what day it is. About the WPA, SERA, CIO, AFL and SEC—I'm going to change all those letters to numbers, so we can play Bingo and the taxpayers can have more fun. And to set a better example to our youth, I will hereafter have it spelled Boulder D—m.

TAKE THE FIZZ OUT OF FISCAL:

The Federal Reserve System is all right as far as it goes, but personally I like Culbertson. And Free Silver to go with the Free China, Mr. Zanuck, or I'll think up something that will make the Neely bill look like a Valentine!

My opponents worry about the national debt being almost up to $45,000,000,000. (This morning's paper.) What's the matter with that? We should be proud of it; after all, it's the biggest in the world! But that's a lot of money, so my plan is to put it in a safe bank. Even at 2% it's a good investment, and putting it in three banks would make 6%. But learning to balance the budget would be

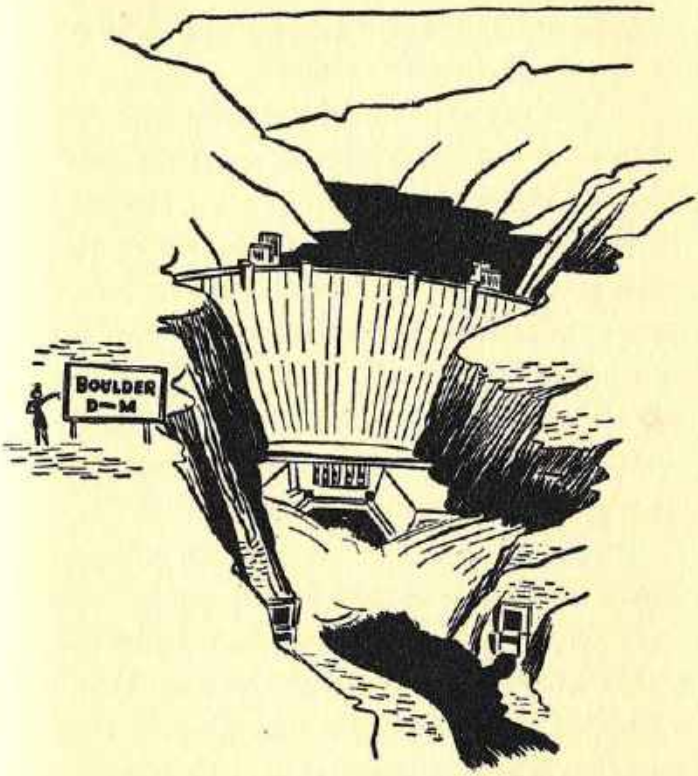
a waste of time, on account of where would a juggling act get booking today, after what George Burns did to vaudeville?

For that matter, I think people are making altogether too much fuss about money and the budget. Why don't we just buy what we need on the installment plan? A few dollars down, a few dollars a month, and before you know it the battleship is ours. And anyway, I'll save a lot of money just by tightening up on government lending restrictions—I'm going to insist that all borrowers under five years of age be accompanied by parents.

UNEMPLOYMENT FOR EVERYBODY:

To take care of Emergency Relief, I plan to build thousands of new gas stations. But that's a temporary expedient. What this country needs is a permanent program, one that doesn't yank a good picture in the middle of the week. The Wagner Act is all right as far as it goes, but it will never replace Olsen and Johnson.

My administration will nationalize the



I will hereafter have it spelled Boulder D-m.

Gracie Allen Self-Delusion Institute, and give free correspondence courses. This will open up hundreds of new fields of endeavor, so that people who can't find jobs in their own line will soon be without jobs in three or four different kinds of work. One of my first official acts will be to change the present 8-hour day and 5-day week to a 5-hour day and an 8-hour week. This is supplemented by my "Incomes for Idleness" plan, which will soon be on sale at all toilet goods counters.

But Social Progress, no. Social Progress is not one of my goals. This country is not a social climber, and besides, the Treasury knows too many people already, if you know what I mean.

So vote early and often. Don't wait until Election Day. I may have found other work by then. Do it now! Pop out of bed. Mom out of bed, too! Everybody up—and call me when breakfast is ready.

CHAPTER 8

SECRETS OF UNSUCCESSFUL SPEECHMAKING

MANY a speaker has made the wrong impression because of some little thing like drinking two bottles of ginger ale just before going to the platform, thereafter being unable to suppress his true feelings.

Things like this can so easily be avoided. This whole subject should be brought up in the open, and I am now going to be as frank with you as I am with my own manicurist.

Some candidates make the mistake of studying public speaking and making good speeches. This is wrong. Good speeches seldom go down in history.

Look at the last and most famous speech Julius Caesar ever made. He was quite a lad, even if he did look like something that if you unscrewed his head you'd find him stuffed with candies. Well, the boys started drifting into the Roman Senate one afternoon after a filibuster, and Julius looked up and saw his old pal Brutus.

Now get this. If Julius had said the proper thing, "Have you eaten too, Brutus?" nothing would have come of it. It would have been just another speech, and would have landed on page 8, out where they keep the shipping news and murders in Flatbush.

But Julius knew how to make the front pages even if it killed him.

"Et tu, Brute?" he asked whimsically. And Brutus, who couldn't stand corny nicknames, or puns, especially those in a foreign language,

pulled out his punknife and slit Caesar's toga.

It just goes to show.

Take William Jennings Bryan. Nobody ever made better speeches than he did. He had 'em rolling in the aisles. The only thing was, they never quit rolling in time to get up and vote. So Mr. Bryan never got to fish off a battleship.

Take people into your confidence. If you haven't any confidence, take them in anyway, it might be wet out.

Don't try to impress your audience. Act like you don't know what you're talking about, then they won't think you're too smart for them. Fumble for a word once in a while; the audience will yell it up to you, and will thus have the thrill of being in on things. When the word is something like "fiduciary" or "incontrovertible," you will be glad you've gotten them in the habit of helping.

Of course, funny stories are always useful. You must know some, and surely one or two can be cleaned up enough to get by. The ones

I use are old family heirlooms, because I feel so safe with them. What I mean is, they have been tested, like a match that lit all right a minute ago so you know it works. After I'm elected, however, I expect to get some grand new ones, on account of I'll get to censor all the movies and see all the good bits before I cut them out.

Before speaking over the air, I always rub the microphone with a slice of onion, so I can feel I'm meeting my public face to face. Sometimes my audiences applaud so loud I can't hear myself talk, which George says must be a great comfort. Many people don't realize that George is a speaker too. He is, really; he has addressed thousands of people. He said, "Scorecard, scorecard—can't know the players without a scorecard," and I've never heard it done better.

Perhaps I should now say a few words about that vital subject, Public Relations; or, Pushing Your Puss into Print. Then again, you

Before speaking over the air I always rub the microphone with a slice of onion so I can feel I am meeting my public face to face.

might call it How to Treat the Press, unless you think they should buy their own drinks, in which case you will soon find out how the forgotten man got that way.

The main thing is to develop your nose for news. You can, if you go about it the right way. Look what Durante has made of himself, but don't give up. It's all very simple. First find your news. Then sniff and sniff, and pretty soon you'll smell it.

I'll have to develop this by example. Lose your fountain pen—that's not news. Lose your money—that's news of a sort. But lose your pants, and maybe you'll listen next time the man tries to sell you a two-pants suit.

In conclusion, I'll let you in on a trade secret. You can keep your name in print for years and years on the strength of just one story. For example, all that Brooklyn had to do was build a bridge, and they named a city after him. You don't believe it?

Then look at this. All the same story, but with a different slant on.

Photoplay would say—"Will President Allen Marry an Egyptian?" *True Confessions*—"I Found Out What Built the Pyramids!" And *Variety*—"Prez in Mezz with Fez."

But take my advice and don't be adopted into one of those Indian tribes. The last time I did the Chief made me give him *my* hat.

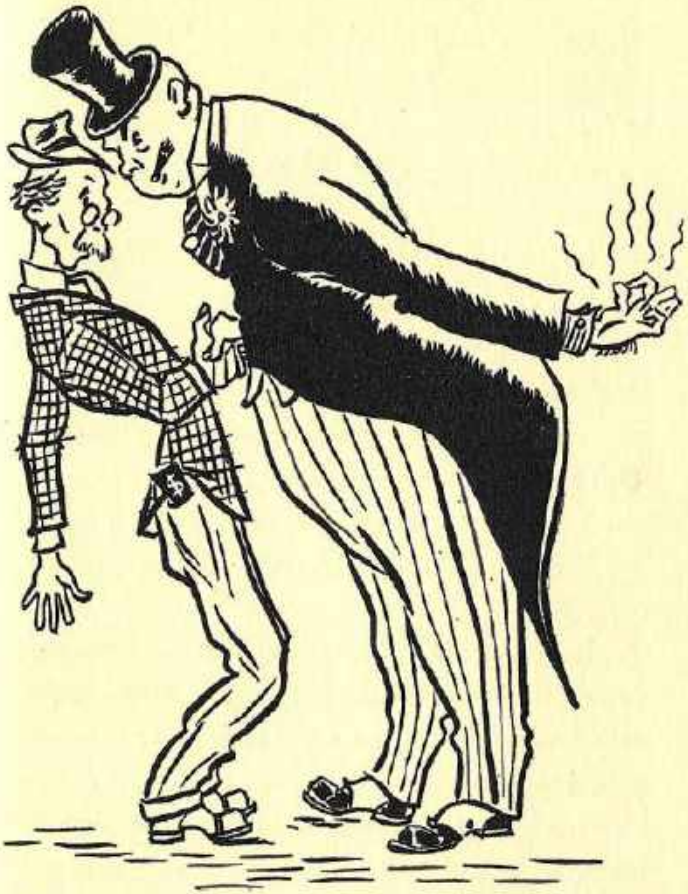
CHAPTER 9

HOW TO SHAKE HANDS AND MAKE IT STICK

ACCORDING to an old legend, our forefathers first started shaking hands so that the politicians could have only one hand free to pick the voters' pockets.

That's silly, if I do say it myself. Smart politicians don't pick pockets. They take 'em as they come.

On an average campaign tour a candidate shakes hands 400 times a day, thereby expend-



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ing enough muscular contraction to milk all the cows in Van Buren County. But this would be just as silly as shaking hands. Why should a candidate milk cows when he can appoint his own Secretary of the Treasury?

Charles Evans Hughes set a record of 3,800 handshakes in one day.

That was in 1916 and he hasn't dared try to shave himself yet. That pumping up and down gets anyone. Even at this early stage, with my own campaign hardly weaned, I can't pluck my eyebrows and keep my hat on.

Handshakers fall in groups. But not soon enough.

The *Knuck Cracker* wants to make sure you're really flesh and blood. He seems surprised when he finds a few bones mixed up in your hand. But he takes care of that. When he gets through, you're just plain flesh and blood from the elbow down.

The *Spoiled Eel* is five fingers of jelly stuffed into slightly damp sausage casings. Nothing to be done about this one until they find a way

of mailing handshakes with 3-thumb stamps.

The *Body Builder*. You expect him to strike a stance and throw you over his shoulder. Instead of "Pleased to meet you," he should open with "Alley-oop!" His approach is a vertical pumping motion, to which you can say subtly, "Prime me, brother," but it will do you no good.

The *Osteopath*. His fat hand slithers around yours and manipulates it until you think he was sent by Grauman to get a wax impression. Makes us lady candidates wonder if we shouldn't have worn a heavier slip.

The *Card*. This one doubles the second finger of his hand back into his palm, and when you jump he cackles, "Ha, ha. Lost it (A) switchin', (B) in a dial phone, or (C) reaching for the wrong stack of chips."

The *Personality Boy*. Fixes you with a glad glare, and repeats his name so distinctly you think he's going to spell it. He does. Instead of the more common vibratory motion of the hand, he uses three tugs.

The *Grabber*. Would be a jitterbug if he could hold still long enough. Seizes both your hands, and whirls you around in a rotarian motion. Very dangerous. Venus de Milo once attended a service-club convention and that's what wore her off at the elbows.

The *Sticker*. Usually just finished peeling an orange and has no use for handkerchiefs. Or, more likely, no handkerchief. To break it up, hold both hands and his head under warm water until the bubbles stop coming up.

After you've been campaigning for a while, you get so you can shake hands automatically, thus surprising a lot of people who were just going to ask you for a match.

Sometimes it's embarrassing when you do it without thinking.

The other day I was motoring on Sunset Boulevard and a man stuck out his hand, so I took it.

"Fare, lady," he said.

"You're no foul ball yourself, big boy," I said.

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CHAPTER 10

FIVE GOOD GAMES TO PLAY AT A CONVENTION

A LOT of water has flowed under the TVA since the old days when Alabama used to cast her 32 votes for Oscar Underwood, but us oldsters remember them well. Why, we even remember the Republicans. It used to be in those days that you couldn't hold an election without them.

But if I'm anything, I'm a modern, if I'm anything, and I believe that conventions should

be streamlined. Streamlining is the process of reducing wind-resistance, if you know what I mean, but that isn't everything. The boys in the back room (ask them what they'll have, George) must go, on account of it's time we gave the game back to the delegates.

Then the delegates can give it to me.

Under the present system, too many ballots are taken. You'd think that paper didn't cost anything. But I will fix that, and I will now tell you how.

First I will have a nominating speech which will last three hours, which I will give. Then I will have a seconding speech which will last four hours, and then I will sing.

By then, the delegates will have been well worn down and I will announce, "All in favor of Gracie Allen for President say Aye!" "All *not* in favor of Gracie Allen for President say Aye!" "THE AYES HAVE IT!" and then I will carry the fight to the country, which hasn't seen a good one since the long count.

Of course, all this will happen on the first

day, and since the delegates have fixed it up with their wives to be away all week I'll have to work out something to fill in the time.

I think we'll play games, because games are so much fun, if you enjoy them, and here are five suggestions.

Blind-Man's Buff is a good game to start off the morning sessions, because if your delegates are anything like mine, they are then in perfect condition for it, and can play without blindfolds and never know the difference.

Pin-the-Tale-on-the-Donkey is a game for newspapermen only, and needs a White House Spokesman, who is "it."

Then when the delegates seem to be getting restless and start wandering out to the kitchen to see if the pork is ready, you can capture their attention with Marching-to-Washington, Ballot-Ballot-Who's-Got-the-Ballot, and Drop-the-Election. Post office is no good at a convention, however, because the boys are away from home and they want some-

thing different from what they make their livings at.

But there's something I forgot to tell you. I must be losing my mind, and that's ridiculous, because I had it right here a minute ago.

What I mean is, you must select a name for your party, on account of think how silly you'd feel if the newspapers came out with "Senator Flitch Named Candidate of —— Party." You can't use "Republican" or "Democratic" because certain prominent people already have dibs on them, and I think a man named Thomas is using "Socialist." But you can think of something.

Of course, I shouldn't be talking, because my choice was made for me. Mine is the Surprise Party, on account of my father was a Republican (Goodness, how that dates me!), my mother was a Democrat, and when I was born I was a Surprise.

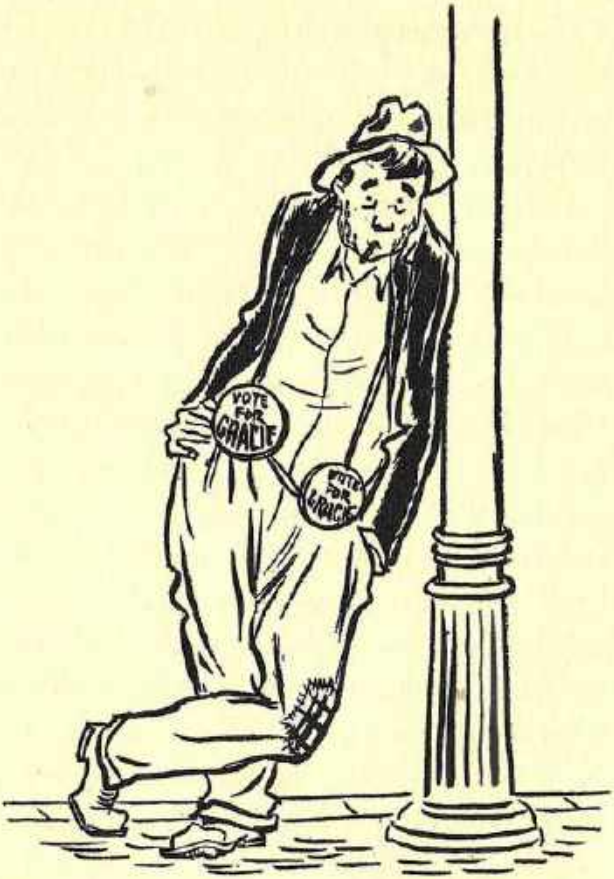
And I have something really new in the way of campaign buttons, too. Mine will *sew* on, so they can't change their minds and vote

for somebody else, and besides, since none of the people who will vote for me have all their buttons, they can sew mine where it will do some good.

I haven't said anything about where to hold your convention, because after what happened at mine everybody knows that Omaha is the only place. For one thing, Omaha is the only city in the world where 25,000 men will raise beards for a convention. Mayor Butler says it's the only one where 25,000 men *can* raise beards.

I finally decided to get my special train from the Union Pacific. I hesitated at first, though, on account of I don't trust people who don't give their right names, and with all these labor doings who can call a union pacific? And for that matter, who can call a Streamliner a railroad train when you can't even get a cinder in your eye?

But I forgave them when I found out about their having Clark Gable for a conductor. I know, because he asked me who I was, and



My campaign buttons sew on—where they'll do some good!

when I told him he said, "If you're the next President I'm Clark Gable." The Union Pacific isn't just a friendly road; it's downright intimate.

But here I go again, talking on and on about trivial details, when the really important thing is the very one I haven't mentioned yet.

What should one wear to a convention? That first impression can mean everything, especially in connection with people one has never met before.

Personally, I'm going to appear in a new cerise play suit. Wait till you see it. That will be the shorts heard round the world!

Of course, after I'm elected, I'm going to have an Astrologer in the cabinet to tell me what the stars are going to do. The way I see it, if the stars are going to wear their skirts longer next year, the women of this country ought to know about it.

But if you should be elected instead of me, there's something just coming out you ought to look into: Jack Benny's patented Breakaway

Suspenders. Very simple; the youngest President can operate them. At a press conference, for instance, you simply grasp the concealed rip cord—then, if a gag doesn't get a laugh or if the boys start asking questions about the Th—d T—m—down they go!

I thought some of developing breakaway shoulder straps for women, on the same principle. But I'd never use them. I'm not that kind of a girl.

I catch cold too easily.

CHAPTER 11

WHERE TO SPEND ELECTION NIGHT

DEAR DIARY!

I am *so* thrilled. For tomorrow is the big day, the day *he* is to give me my answer. Sam —soon perhaps to be Uncle Sam.

My heart beats just as it did the night after I first told George of my love and I was waiting to speak to his father. Ah, me. What will Sammy say? And will tomorrow be the Day of Gracie?

If only I could have my loved ones about me

to witness my triumph. But my brother, so impetuous, is already busy making stamps, and George is going to make his hole in one, on account of the club bar will be closed all day and he won't have to treat. And daddy is still serving his third term.

But at least, even if I don't win tomorrow, it makes me so happy to know that daddy is well provided for at last, now that he's given up trying to invent that unbreakable glass for fire-alarm boxes and has found something steady. Alcatraz is just another home from home for him now.

"Hello, Warden," my daddy always says. "Any mail waiting for me?"

Ah, dear diary, if those old walls could only talk. They'd tell him how to climb over them. Perhaps, who knows, tomorrow I may be elected and begin to follow in my dear father's fingerprints.

Isn't it funny? Here I am worrying about what tomorrow will bring forth, when I ought to be so *sure*. After all, I've done everything a

girl could. The ballot boxes are all stuffed with sage dressing, the table is groaning under its load of delicious resolutions, and the five hundred white Rolls-Royces are waiting to take my voters to the polls—voters who are going to put a check next to my name and I hope they remember to make it out to cash.

The last Tuesday in October! After all, little book who knows all my secrets, I can't lose. For the other parties are going to be so surprised they'll be just *sick* when they pick up the newspapers and find that I've been safely elected a whole week before they've even held their own elections.

What will I ever do to pass the endless hours till tomorrow night? You're asking me? That's silly. You *know* I tell you everything. You just haven't been listening, that's all, because I have it all planned out.

Tomorrow morning I'm going to pick up my mother, and we will drive out into the peaceful countryside and read the Burma Shave ads —backwards. They aren't so funny that way,

but it takes longer and before I know it the morning will be afternoon, or later.

Then I will go home and listen to the radio. Maybe I should have held my election on a Wednesday, because then I could listen to the Burns & Allen broadcast. I love to hear that George Burns when he says, "I'll be back in a flash with more trash," and I think Gracie Allen is the cutest thing, don't you? So do I.

That night I will have a victory party and invite all the people who voted for me as guests. Those who didn't vote for me will have to stay on the back porch and turn the ice-cream freezer. Ice cream is good to serve for any party, of course, but what worries me is what to serve for dessert.

And then George will do his speech.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Surprise Party:

"I really don't know what to say. Except that here on the eaves of Gracie's elevation, I feel like a Chicago gangster—I'm just going along for the ride.

"All I've been doing lately is attending a lot of Gracie's political banquets. A political banquet is an affair where they serve you food according to your importance. I've been bringing my own box lunch.

"Last night we were invited to a banquet and they threw me out the back door.

"I said, 'Wait a minute, I'm George Burns.' They said, 'Oh,' and invited me in again. And threw me out the front door.

"For hours Gracie sits and tells how she's going to balance the budget. How she's going to lower taxes and raise wages. How she's going to pay the national debt. And then she turns around and wants to borrow two dollars till Inauguration Day.

"It really gets tiresome, folks. I feel like a barber who shaves beards and cuts whiskers all day and then comes home and has to mow the lawn.

"Another thing Gracie is always talking about is what is necessary in this country. As far as I'm concerned, a necessity is just some-

thing I go without so Gracie can make a down payment on a luxury.

"But I hope Gracie is elected. I'd be a very handy man to have around the White House. I can do several things nobody knows about.

"I can eat grapefruit without squinting. I can shave without getting lather on my cigar. And I can act just as though nothing happened when some diplomat uses a guest towel. I've got to go now. I've got a headache and I've got to take it to Washington.

"Hello, Momma."

Isn't that the sweetest thing? But I'm worried about George. Whenever I have a few of the girls in for a press conference, he just hides his face and says he's not going to make a White House Spokesman of himself.

But I'm an absolute Silly! Counting my chickens before their eggs have even been sat on. And now I'm all worried again.

I can't help it, little diary. I haven't been so upset since the first time George kissed me.

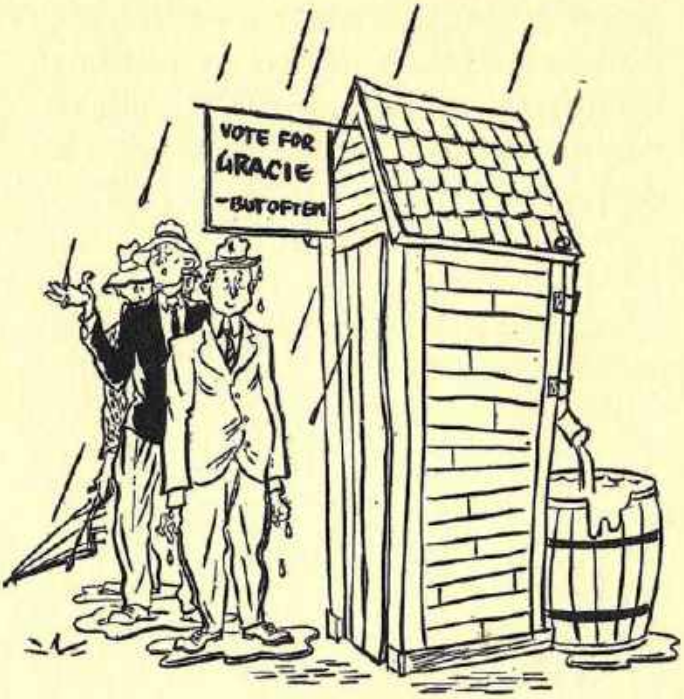
It was in a canoe. I remember it so plainly. He pushed my hair back from my forehead and kissed me so reverently. He says that tomorrow Uncle Sammy will pin my ears back and give me a smacking. What memories you and I will share together!

Ah, tomorrow.

If it only rains!

Because my voters are the only ones who don't know enough to stay in out of the wet.

It'll be a mudslide!



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CHAPTER 12

TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILED

(HINTS ON REMODELING THE WHITE HOUSE)

HERE I am at last.

The first Lady President!

Imagine George Burns saying that if I loved my country I would demand a recount!

To my friends who kept up my spirits throughout the good fight, and to my sup-

porters who did the same thing for my stockings, I thank you. And I say further that my election goes to show that the United States is still the land of importunity, where the humble have the same chance as those of lowly origin.

I'll never forget the little sentiment that a man who said his name was "Admirer of Dewey" wrote on the bottom of his ballot:

Voters see red, when voters get blue,
If the country goes crazy, it may go for you.

Wasn't that sweet? Of course, I know he probably says that to all the candidates, but I sent him my kangaroo, Laura, as a little remembrance, so every time he looks at Laura he will think of me.

But there I go, being irreverent, instead of telling you what you should do when *you* become the first Lady President.

The first thing is about jobs, and you have to see about them right away because a thing like the Spoils System can't be left out in the

air too long. So I'm going to make Truman Bradley my Secretary of State, on account of he's a sports fan and will appreciate getting good seats at the Conference games. Frank Parker will be my Secretary of the Interior, because he has so much inside dope. And I'll have to find something for Ray Noble, too, because in spite of all they say about the embargoes, I still think Ray has the sweetest band on the air.

But no job for George. I don't think it's dignified for the President's husband to work. People would begin whispering that I couldn't support him, and anyway, now that I'm making good money it's high time he took things a little easier. I'll even send out our dirty linen.

Well, that's done.

Now for something spectacular, so the people will realize they have an acting President. I'm not going to sit back and rest my reputation on my laurels, just because I'm in here on a four-year contract without options. No, sir. There'll be some changes made.

First, I am going to change Washington, D. C., to A. C., so my clock will work.

Then I'll get at the White House. I've thought it all over, and here is what I am going to do: I will change the East Room into the West Room and the rest room into the yeast room, so that when the people want to rise they'll have a nice place for it.

And when I hold *my* State Dinners, I'm not going to invite anybody. Because if you invite people like ambassadors and leave out somebody like a plenipotentiary, he would feel hurt and wire to his boss: "What is this? I go out and rent a dress suit and wind up in the Automat. Let's break our relations before they break us." Little things like that are what caused our little brown brothers to begin criticizing us, and now it's grown into the pan American policy.

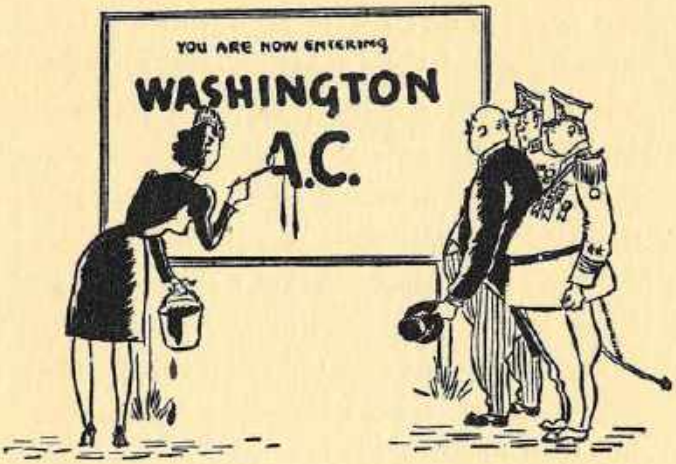
And while you may think it's just a little thing, I'm going to eliminate the Marine Band. What we need in these times is a belly band, on account of an army marches on its

stomach. But I'll let the Generals alone, because without them, who would give the cavalry troupes their cues?

And furthermore, I don't agree with people who want to enlarge the fleet. I don't see how the fleet gets into those pants the way it is now. But I will do something about those hammocks. It's bad enough sleeping in the little hammocks in Pullman cars, and they're tacked to the wall so they don't sway so much. My brother spent three years in the Navy and the first month he was out we had to rock him to sleep in a shopping bag.

Prosperity must be brought back. Prosperity, as few people realize, is when business is good enough so you can buy things on credit you can't afford to so you can save enough money to pay cash for new things after they've taken back the things you got on credit.

And I know how to bring it back, and that is why I won the election with my slogan, "A Government Job for Everybody." This is not criticism of the past administration, because



I'm going to change Washington, D. C., to A. C., so my clock will work.

after all I would be the first to admit that they made great strides. But I have felt the pulse of the country, and I have seen with my own eyes a third of the nation working for themselves completely without help from Washington. That is dissemination, and it must stop.

But I will not write a book, even though I could think of such titles as "Should Presidents Marry?" and "How to Have a Baby on $75,000 a Year."

A publisher asked me to let him make a book out of my letters, but I refused because a thing like that would be dissoluting a valuable asset. As I always say, keep your letters and some day they will keep you.

No, I will never write a book.

Because I don't want people going around calling me a highbrow.

I want them to think of me as just an ordinary person like themselves.

Not an intellectual slob.

Gracie Allen
Self-Delusion Institute

Dear Friends:

And now the time has come for us to say good-by. On account of because as I always say it's better never than ever if you know what I mean, don't you think so?

Good God, she's got me *doing it now!*

But as we sail away into the sunset, Miss Allen has one last word for the many friends and well-wishers who made possible her triumph.

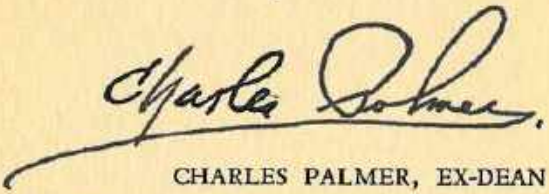
"Don't be a stranger," she says. "The latch-

string will always be out at the President's Palace in Guatemala City."

Yes—Guatemala City.

She came in third.

Ever yours,



CHARLES PALMER, EX-DEAN

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SUNNYSIDE REST HOME.